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ASTREA,
OR
GODDESS OF JUSTICE.
BY
MRS. E. P. THORNDYKE.

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OR

GODDESS OF JUSTICE.

BY

MRS. E. P. THORNDYKE.

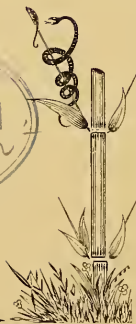
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"Thoughts that Breathe and Words that Burn."



SAN FRANCISCO:

AMANDA M. SLOCUM, BOOK AND JOB PRINTER, 612 CLAY ST.
1881.



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DEDICATION.


TO MY SISTER, MISS L. M. SNOWE,
Whose appreciative sympathy has followed me through
the experiences of an eventful life, this little volume
is gratefully dedicated.

E. P. THORNDYKE.



PROEM.

To the Author, from the Spirit of MRS. HEMANS, through the mediumship of MISS E. A. PITTSINGER, November 7, 1860,

 Inspiration! wondrous power divine,
Come with thy magic spell, this soul entwine,
Come wreathe around this brow thy radiant charm,
Irradiate this face, enhance this form with beauty wondrous fair,
Till peace, and joy, and hope and faith combine,
To lead thee onward to that better day,
When Truth shall shed abroad her glorious ray
And Error there, no more, shall hold its blighting sway;
In this higher life shall Freedom reign supreme,
Enthroned in queenly grace, fair and serene,
With robe of purest white, all flecked in beauty's sheen.
Here Wisdom sits, in regal princely state,
And mirrored from her brow, with glory all elate,
Is future peace and joy, to all who lead the way
Up to those higher realms, illumined by Truth's bright ray,
Where angel harps are tuned to swell the joyous lay.
Oh, then receive this spell of magic power,
This sparkling flow of thought, that like an orient shower
Brings joy and freshness on its wing, as on the scented air
Each pearly drop is ever fraught with fragrance rich and rare;
Then like a Star this inner light shall guide thee on thy way,
And shall ere long around thy form, in radiant beauty play.



INTRODUCTION.

With feelings of profound gratitude for the indications in all directions of advanced thought on the most radical issues of the day, I launch this little waif upon the sea of literature, only asking a fair and candid consideration at the shrine of public criticism.

These poems were written during an eventful epoch of the world's history, and were penned amid the cares of domestic life, as well as the more onerous duties of a work devoted to Spiritual advancement and the cause of Woman.

I claim that the positive source of the ideas herein contained, lie in the Spiritual realm, and point with prophetic finger, to coming events.

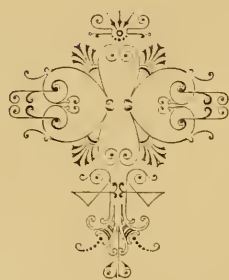
The title I have chosen embodies the principles of the era upon whose threshold we are now standing, whose tidal wave will not recede until the daughters of the people have taken their place in the order of Nature's truest and noblest conception, viz: a completed humanity, with both hemispheres of the race moulded to a perfect adjustment, and in harmony with the spirit of the universe.

To my sister woman everywhere, I dedicate this, my first venture, hoping that a responsive chord will be touched that may awaken them to a realization of their own inherent power, and a true appreciation of the great responsibility invested in them, as well as a knowledge of the fact that the age is waiting for their intelligent coöperation in all that pertains to a higher and purer civilization.

To my brother man I appeal, through the pathos of this little book, and ask him to look well to the causes that have driven woman from the seclusion of his proffered protection, to plead her own cause before the bar of a common humanity.

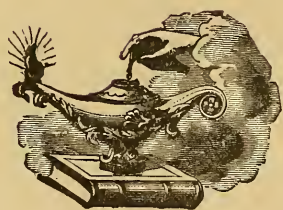
And to all, friend and foe alike, I now submit this volume, with heart-felt sympathy and truth.

THE AUTHOR.



PRESCIENCE.

Momentous questions are now agitating the world; questions which demand all the powers of man to develop, and give a proper impetus to civilization, and roll forward the car of progress toward the equinox of human freedom. These questions must be met and grappled with fearlessly, manfully, and earnestly. No half-way measures will stand the test amid the whirlpool of contending factions. Greater than an "army with banners" are the mighty principles arraying themselves before the human mind at the present time. Gird on your armor, O, workers of the nineteenth century; O, minds who have been lead out of the wilderness of the past, through dark and intricate pathways, who have toiled up the mountain, where the rays of the morning sun now illumine thy way, glorious will be its noonday splendor, glorious the work of thy hands! Old errors must be met and combated; old superstitions must melt before the genial influence of this sun of truth.



ASTREA.

A PROPHECY.

Given to the author through Miss HOUGHTON, Boston Mass., 1869.

GO, gather grapes and make the wine
For coming day's communion time;
No time for sorrow, none for tears,
But work for truth in after years.
The keystone of your life is laid
In books unwritten now—
The promise of thy life is here;
Then, falter not nor bow
To this world's scorn nor sneer,
But walk ye in the chosen path,
Where angels lead thee on;
The cloud, a "silver lining" hath,
And every night, a morn.


So is thy life—a changing scene;
The buds and blossoms that have bloomed,
Are doomed to pass away;
But from their seeds, in early Spring,
The brighter flowers will grow.
Then list thee to the angel voice
That gives thee thoughts like jewels bright—
A diadem of purer light
Than all the world can give.

The fruitage of Pacific shore,
Are grander than the eastern lore;
For knowledge like the mines below,
Like golden sands, from rivers flow.
The fruit is truth; 'tis wisdom's choice
Proclaimed abroad by woman's voice.
You're standing on the eastern strand,
To gather thoughts for western land;
Then think not that the present hour
Is garnered by inspiring power.
The pen to-day, the sword ere long,
Shall woman wield, and wield it strong;
Then gather strength against the day,
When you recall this passing lay.



THE GREY DAWN OF THE MORN.

Given through the mediumship of Miss HOUGHTON, and claiming to
come from the Spirit of Milton. Boston, Mass., 1868.

ORROWING o'er the woes of others,
Struggling bravely 'gainst thine own,
Like the very heart's pulsation,
Seem thy far resounding tone.

Rolling on, forever onward,
Glory wakes its after chime,
Till the stately numbers mingle
With the thunder tones of time.

When for this, for loving others,
Come the world's neglect and scorn,
Then thy soul's prophetic vision,
Met the *Grey Dawn of the Morn.*

Then thy thoughts with dreams of beauty,
Paced the dark aisles of the years,
Through the dim halls of the future,
Till they peopled other spheres.

Still from erst the darksome shadow,
Rolls the river of thy song,
Fretting still the giant butments,
Of the granite bridge of wrong.

And with eloquence more potent,
Having won from grief a voice,
Swells the lofty peans upward,
Bidding the oppressed rejoice.

Thou did'st ask of man, thy brother,
How can ye be true and brave,
When to your caprice and passion,
Woman lives, and dies a slave!

Thou did'st say that peace would never
Woeful human nature greet,
Till beside her holiest altars,
Man and woman *equal* meet.

Words of truth and deepest meaning,
Chiming unto pleasant song,
By the strength that man can bring thee,
Woman yet shall right her wrong.

Let the burning words resound
Till with strong pulsation start,
All the peopled world around,
Struggling to creation's heart—

Till thy hope hath found its goal,
In the *universal* soul,
Written there in fiery scroll.
Courage, all whose hearts have fears,
Freedom dries her children's tears,
Tremble not for fear nor scorn,
'Tis the *Grey Dawn of the Morn!*

Upward from the dusky zenith,
Mounts the bright auroral ray;
Downward, o'er the western shadows,
Soon shall shine the new-born day.

Lo! man's ancient faith is waning,
With his iron rule of might;
Woman, from her slumber rising,
Upward struggles to the light.

By a truer aim eunobled,
See! she flings away her toys,
And by higher hopes encircled,
Seeking more than gilded joys.


In the golden fields of labor,
She shall prove she hath a soul,
Worthy yet to be man's equal,
Traveling to the self same goal.

Woman, waken! crush your fears,
Freedom is not won by tears—
Years of toil for heart and brain,
Toil alone will break the chain.

Waken! see the auroral ray,
Now portends the coming day;
Fly! ye fiends of hate and scorn,
'Tis the *Grey Dawn of the Morn!*



INVOCATION.

URGING billows, ever surging
To the silent, boundless shore,
Bearing on your heaving bosom,
Dearest loved ones gone before;
Laving hearts with stern endeavor,
With the strength of suffering born;
Lighting up the unknown distance
Like the radiance of morn.
Tell us, ye who scan the future,
Can ye pierce the rifted cloud?
Can ye raise the drooping curtains,
That our earthly paths enshroud?
Tell us, does the air of Heaven
Breathe around our toilsome way?
Do the ever thronging Angels
Guard our steps from day to day?
Nerve our heart then, O, our brother;
Press thou closer to our side,
See'st thou not our courage falter?
Hear'st thou not our foes deride?
Weeping sister, hover near us;
For we know thy heart is kind,
And we feel thy tears are falling,
For the lone ones, left behind.
Falling like the dews of heaven,
On the dry and barren earth;
Nourishing the desert places,
Bringing buds, in beauty forth;
Strengthening hearts, whose hopes lie buried
'Mid the ashes of the past;

Soothing, calming, care-worn bosoms,
 With the shades of Earth o'ercast.
 O, our guardian, ever near us!
 Feel we not thy folding arm?
 Dare we falter, with thy presence
 Ever shielding us from harm?
 Be we mindful, be we grateful,
 For this sum of human love;
 Linking us with joy, and rapture,
 To the Angel spheres above.

TO ELIZA.

A sister who went down on the "Brother Jonathan," off Crescent City,
 July 31st, 1865.

MY sister thou art gone; why do I weep?
 I feel the knowledge of thy better state.
 From life's rough pathway thou hast journeyed on
 With step serene, all hopeful and elate;
 But dost thou cast no glances Earthward, back
 Along the darkened byways thou hast left?
 See'st thou no sister stand with outstretched arms,
 No mother heart all saddened and bereft?

O, yes, I feel thy presence near me oft,
 In joyous times, but in the hour of grief,
 I know thy spirit form is hovering near
 To twine this brow with an immortal wreath—
 A wreath of hope and of serener faith,
 Such as this toiling life cannot bestow,
 And teaching from the sunny spheres above,
 All that this yearning heart desires to know.

OUR BANNER.

A New Year's Poem, written for the "Banner of Progress," Jan., 1866.

HERE, on this Western shore, we dare
To raise on high our Standard fair;
With "Progress" written on each fold,
We wave it o'er the Land of Gold,
And ask a true responsive part
From town and hamlet, field and mart.
The greatest good we here propose
To do, alike to friends and foes;
Unmindful of the taunts or sneer,
We trim our sails, and never veer.
Our aim is high, our holy cause
Sustained by Truth's eternal laws;
And principles are here unfurled
To benefit this brave new world.

O'er sullen waters, dark and drear,
We know our little bark must steer;
That Superstition, old and gray,
Will oft confront our onward way;
That Bigotry and pious Cant
Will frown and flutter, foam and rant;
That Hypocrites, with smiling face,
In guise of friend, will seek a place,
Upheld by our protecting care,
When skies are bright and winds are fair;
But still, with footsteps firm and true,
We'll keep the "shining mark" in view.

The New Year comes, laden with joy,
To all who well their hours employ

In labor for the human race,
To elevate, and to erase
The errors of the blinding past;
Whose empire holds a field so vast
That stoutest hearts almost despair
To plant the germ of reason there.
The highest light we here invoke
What e'er a slumbering world awoke—
Such light as o'er the ages gone
Proclaimed a new Messiah born,
Whose earnest voice and milder sway
Would usher in a brighter day.

That day has come; its waking power
Unfolds a high, a heavenly dower,
And bids us hail with joy sincere,
Our kindred spirits hovering near,
To aid us in our work sublime
O'er all the ministries of time!
They waiting stand, with beaming eyes,
Whose light reflects from purer skies,
Where blending hues of radiant joy
Have no dark tint of Earth's alloy.
Inspired by these, O, who would fear
The angry word or stinging sneer?
Let us our brother's path pursue—
"Forgive, they know not what they do."

A happy year to one and all
Whose eye on this fair page may fall;
And when the Year now blithe and young
At last has "round the circle swung,"
We hope to greet you, and to find
A ready hand and willing mind

To help the car of Progress on,
Until the higher goal is won.
Then with firm faith we'll take our stand,
And wave our BANNER o'er the land
From lake and sea to farther shore,
"Excelsior" forevermore.



CONSERVATISM VS. SPIRITUALISM.


THE above subject has been suggested by hearing a person proclaim himself a "Conservative Spiritualist." Such an one, in the opinion of all who have studied the sublime principles of this philosophy, is an anomaly; for Spiritualism, in all its tendencies, is revolutionary, progressive, and *radical*.

It is the *one* progressive religion of the age; constantly developing the mind upward, step by step, forever. There are no barriers of creed or formula, no pulpit or platform, high or broad enough to circumscribe its onward march. It comes to the lowly one, toiling for the sustenance of every-day life, and whispers of another state of existence, where position is measured by worth, unlike the false positions of earth. It comes proclaiming liberty to the captive, and bids the slave go free. It comes as a messenger of good to all, saying to man, "There is no redeemer outside of your own soul; *save yourself*; look within; there is no escaping from the penalties of wrong doing." Spiritualism reaches forth into all the avenues of existence, invading old, time-worn institutions, saying to all, "Come up higher; throw off the shackles of ignorance and superstition; carry your religion into every-day life; do not profess one thing and practice another. Have more of the heart, and less of hollow forms; fewer Sunday prayers and more week-day charities." It comes as a living voice from humanity in that world just over the other side, where our loved ones are, bringing the wisdom of higher minds to us, through earthly media; and we must come like little children, learning in the spirit of humility, always using our higher reason to digest, but not our prejudice to confound. It is no respecter of persons, often employing the simple ones of earth, to confound the wise in their own conceit. And, finally, it comes to woman, the patient sufferer of ages, with healing on its wing, proclaiming a gospel of power, and use, and beauty, that the selfish creed-makers of Christendom never "dreamt of in their philosophy." To the conservative *investigator* there might be a gentle hint, in a simple quotation:

"A little learning is a dangerous thing,
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring."

THE HIGHER BIRTH.

On reading a poem inscribed to the Mother and Family of James R. Miller, by Lottie B. Goodrich. This young man was stabbed on Pacific street, San Francisco, and lived only a few hours.

 NO; "not gone!" Speak no such word
 Above that early shrouded bier,
 But rather say a higher faith,
 Shall whisper to that mother's ear,
 He is not gone, thy darling son!
 His earthly form is laid away,
 But, in immortal raiment clad,
 He walks beside you, day by day.

"There is no death;" then, sister dear,
 Droop not in sadness o'er the tomb;
 Your brother stands, a silent guest,
 Within your shrouded, darkened room;
 He fain would speak and tell you all
 His fond heart feels for you to-day;
 O, grieve him not with useless tears,
 Nor force his yearning soul away.

Think not your fruitless, frantic grief,
 Moves not the spirit by your side;
 That stricken heart is human yet—
 The gulf between is not so wide,
 And o'er the silent river comes .
 A message oft to dwellers here,
 That bid us dry our falling tears,
 And cease our sorrow o'er the bier.

And with a faith brought forth in pain,
He comes to bid your spirits roam,
Far, far beyond these fleeting joys,
And learn that earth is not your home.
A soothing influence he would bring
Unto your hearts, all sad and sore,
A wreath of bright immortal bloom,
To deck your brows forevermore.

Then harken to the spirit voice!
Ye dwell too much in outward things,
Your brother's soul you may rejoice;
His guardian now a message brings—
"O dry your tears," and look above
To that bright world, his dwelling place,
Though now the veil is dark between,
You'll see your brother face to face.

You'll hear his voice at twilight hour,
In cheering cadence round you float;
And as you bend the listening ear,
To catch the welcome spirit-note
His well-known form before you stands,
Not in the vesture of the tomb,
But robed in beauty, crowned with light,
He points the path and gilds the gloom.



BORN AGAIN.

ANNIE B. CARPENTER, a member of "Children's Progressive Lyceum,"
passed to Spirit life, from San Francisco, July, 1865, aged 12 years.

OH, Annie, we are weeping,
But, darling, not for thee;
We know thy pure young spirit
From earthly bonds is free;
We know that round thy tender form
Are heavenly breezes bland,
That waft to us thy presence
From the beauteous Summer Land.
We know that here thy pilgrimage
Was borne 'mid grief and pain;
We would not call thee, Annie,
To this weary world again.

The badge now worn upon our breast
Is gemmed with living pearls;
The banner in your little hand
With love to all unfurls.

We mourn not that your stricken form
Has vanished from our sight—
That in the higher Lyceum
You march with angels bright;
But oh, we feel, dear Annie,
That perhaps we did not quite
Regard thy gentle ministries—
We did not see the light
That circled round your pathway,
As you neared the Spirit Shore,

While your ever watchful Guardians
Opened wide the "mystic door."
We did not hear the whisper,
So full of tender love,
As they wooed our gentle Annie
To the Spirit Home above.

Oh, no; for we are blinded;
These earthly cares obscure
Our higher, brighter vision,
And leave us weak and poor.

Then bring the influence holy,
Our spirits so much need;
Our footsteps slowly falter;
Our hearts too often bleed;
We need the higher ministry
That angels only bring;
We long to hear the cheering strains
Celestial beings sing.


To you this simple tribute,
From the Lyceum is due;
We've led your earthly footsteps—
Our hearts now turn to you;
Your steps are now before us—
You lead the shining way,
The watchword, "Truth and Progress,"
The goal, Eternal Day!

Our way is dark and somber,
But yours is bright and clear;
Oh, bring the Lyceum above
To greet the Lyceum here.

OUR LITTLE FREDDIE.

A grandson of the author, who joined the angels, at the age of ten months,
from Rockland, Maine.

DEDICATED TO A BEREAVED DAUGHTER.

END me words of comfort, mother,"
Darkly looms the future now,
Chilling waves of hapless sorrow
Surging over heart and brow.
O, I need your living presence
In this agonizing hour!
For your tones are ever hopeful,
And they bring a soothing power.
Tell me of that home of beauty—
Earthly life seems dark and sad;
All the landscape, to my vision,
Is in somber vestments clad.
Vainly yearn I now for something
To replace my former joy;
Tell me, have the angels called him?
Did they take my darling boy?


"Send me words of comfort, mother!"
How I miss that little face,
With his tender baby glances,
Full of joyous, childish grace!
Where, in all the coming future,
Shall my heart for solace go?
Tell me, mother, do the angels
Feel for all our earthly woe?
Will they bring my darling to me,
When my heart is sad and lone,

Yearning for his baby presence,
And his cheering, joyful tone?
Does your faith point upward, mother,
As it did in days of yore?
If so, will my darling know me
When I reach the Spirit Shore?



CHILDREN'S LYCEUM.

Written for the first anniversary of the Children's Progressive Lyceum,
San Francisco, July, 1866.

E sing our anniversary song;
We hasten all to greet;
O, raise the starry banner high,
And march with buoyant feet!
Above us is a shining band
Arrayed in living light;
These are our happy spirit friends,
With joyful faces bright.

We want no solemn visage,
To celebrate this day,
We want no gloomy, creed-bound souls
To lead the joyous way.
We wish to see you happy,
And all of you to know
That our Progressive Lyceum
Is something more than show.


'Tis true, our waving banners
Are lovely to behold;
But, friends, there is a meaning deep
Within each azure fold.
Our badges, too, are symbols,
Whose purpose all may see;
Commencing at Life's *fountain*,
March on to LIBERTY!

And ever, on our journey,
Life's purpose full in view,
The Lyceum in its teachings,
Will make us good and true;
And when our earthly record
Is filled with deeds of love,
We'll march with kindred spirits
In the LYCEUM ABOVE.



TO MAGGIE.

From Dr. Kane in Spirit Life.

 MAGGIE, from my spirit home
I come to greet thee now,
Come to undo a fearful wrong
And higher homage show;
And never in my earthly life,
While seated by thy side,
Could joy intenser fill my breast
Or in my heart abide.

I come with thoughts serene and high
To give thee words of cheer,
And tell thee, lives so rudely rent
Will be united here.
Then do not fold thy spirit wing,
But soar with me away,
And mingle with the elements
That merge in endless day.

O, may the clouds that darkly rolled
Above thy youthful head,
And burst at last, with fearful force,
By pride and passion fed,
Allure thee up, with faith divine,
Thou sorely stricken one,
And bid thy silent, suffering heart
To say "Thy will be done."

I would, O, thou devoted one!
That I could have thee heed
How much thy silent suffering
Has caused my heart to bleed;

Then O, remember, Maggie dear,
That earthly wrong and pride
Will hover round our spirit life,
And with our souls abide.

Then heed the fearful lesson well;
Though crushed has been thy life,
Embalmed alone with memories—
With tearful memories rife—
Fold to thy heart the hope beyond,
And guard thy earthly way;
So shall we meet, my Maggie dear,
In realms of endless day.



ONE MORE UNFORTUNATE.

A correspondent of the *Bulletin*, writing from China, thus speaks of an incident that came under his observation.

THE most beautiful girl in Shanghai, but belonging to that class which the French, with a kind of subtle delicacy, call *oublettes*, died the other day. It was thought that possibly there had been foul play, and an autopsy was proposed. One of her letters from her heart-broken mother, dwelling amid the granite hills of New Hampshire, begging her erring daughter to return and everything would be forgiven, was couched in the most devout spirit of love and charity, and showed that the mother and daughter had moved in the most refined circles of society; yet this beautiful creature, after a brief career of shame in China, died from *mania a potu*.

“One more unfortunate, weary of breath,
Rashly importunate, gone to her death !.

These things make a terrible impression on those of us who dwell afar in Kathay.”

A wide range of vision opens before us on the perusal of this brief paragraph, as in sympathy we are transported to that mother's home “amid the granite hills of New Hampshire.” What high hopes blasted ! what wailing chords of anguish gush forth, and what sobs of despair come welling up from the mother's heart, as she frantically seizes the pen and implores her erring daughter to return to her forsaken home, assuring her that at least a mother's love has not abandoned her.

Mark that poor mother's altered mien; the faltering step; the dark hair tinged with gray; the yearning, fathomless gaze, striving to recall the past, blissful hours of her beautiful child's infancy and girlhood, when she rocked her to her rosy slumber, or guided her baby footsteps. But all this is now, alas ! but the pleasant background that stretches away, only serving fearfully to light up a dark picture in the present—a picture that is benumbing all her faculties, and paralyzing the currents of her life.

And now her mind is all absorbed, and her ear attuned to catch the least intelligence, painful as it may be of her darling child.

Yes, her darling still, with all the dark stains on her young life. A mother's heart never forsakes, though all the world step aside.


Go with us to that northern home, when the intelligence of the daughter's death, far away among strangers, is borne to the stricken ones. May we hope that the beautiful religion of the angels will sustain them as the curtain closes over this earthly scene, and the erring wanderer, purified by suffering, and arrested by the holy influence of a mother's love, is mingling again in spirit amid the scenes of her young years, ere the syren voice that lured her aside had sounded in her ear, and led her by its fearful spell from woman's high estate—a spectacle over which the angels weep.

And this brings us to another side of this fearful history, that has been sketched for us so briefly, yet feelingly, and thrown across the waste of ocean, to be caught up by sympathizing hearts. It is a home history, and would fill columns, and yet 'tis an old, old story, and is responded to by thousands of suffering hearts, whose homes have been desolated.

The cause—it need not be told; it walks abroad at noonday, scattering its fearful influence amid earth's fairest flowers. The remedy? Ah, that is the question. Look at the effect, ye fathers, absorbed in your lust of gain! Shudder at the picture, fond brother! 'Tis in your midst—even at *your very door*—and worse than the pestilence that walketh at noon-day. *Purify yourselves, and go forth!*



WAYSIDE BLOSSOMS.

UMMER breezes moaning slowly
Through the forest bower,
Winter, with its somber shadow,
Thrown o'er hill and tower.

Lulling, with their mystic grandeur,
Human woes to rest;
Sweeping o'er the chord of being
Anthems from the blest.

Springing gaily from the wayside,
Hope's bright blossoms blow,
Sending joy through every portal,
Soothing human woe.

Wiping from the cheek of sorrow
All its griefs away,
Binding up life's broken vases
For the coming day.

So we walk life's narrow pathway,
Sown with grief and care,
But a spirit goes beside us,
Soothing our despair.


Weep no more, oh! silent mourner,
Know that joy is near,
Lift thy spirit from its sorrow;
Look! thy way is clear.

Through this gloomy night of darkness
 Hope's bright morning gleams,
Raise thy glad eyes to its radiance,
 Rest thee in its beams.

So thy journey shall be onward,
 Upward to the light—
Weaving from the mystic shadows,
 Golden tissues bright



LABOR IS WORSHIP.

ORK, earnest woman, work!
Nor lay your armor by;
The morning brings a golden light,
Born of the evening sky.

Work, earnest souls, nor faint
Before your task is done,
The victor may the spoils enjoy,
Your work is scarce begun.

Take up the tuneful song,
Heard by the favored few
Whose souls to music are attuned,
The brave alone are true.

Say not the way is dark,
The end is yet afar;
Work in the present, trusting still
To truth's bright guiding star.

There's fainting souls to cheer,
Oppression's hand to stay,
The dust of error gathers still
About the pilgrim's way.

Then let your minds illumine
The misty troubled dream,
Where ignorance, with blinding force,
Pollutes life's flowing stream.

The BALLOT! who may know
How woman's hand will bless,
When vested with a freeman's right
Her mandate to express.

Then keep the goal in view,
Inspiring heart and hand,
Let woman's birthright be secured
. O'er all this favored land.

The mountains and the vales
Are speaking to the sea,
In language potent as the storm,
"Our daughters shall be free."


Free as the mind is free,
Speaking to high and low,
A voice reverberates the land,
"Let thou my people go."



WHAT CHEER.

RADIANT forms are waiting,
With garlands in their hands,
To deck thee for the altar,
While heaven's chosen bands,
Arrayed in shining garments,
Are thronging round thy way,
To cheer thy earthly journey,
Toward the wished-for day.
The good that's in the future
'Tis not for thee to know;
Enough that faith allures thee
Beyond all earthly show,
And leads thy feet reliant,
Along the thorny way,
Toward the golden portal
Of never ending day.
O, then, be wise and prudent,
And good on all bestow,
Remembering not the sorrow
That bowed thy spirit low.
With onward step exultant,
Thy path with honor tread;
For know thou hast been chosen
To raise the drooping head,
Of all whose wayward natures
Have led them from the right,
And point, with words prophetic,
Toward the coming light;
And then with thought resplendent,
With power it shall be given,
To turn the wildly erring one
Unto the light of heaven.
Deem not the coming morrow
Will on thee darkly frown;
For, as thou hast borne the cross,
So shalt thou wear the crown.

BE STRONG.

E strong, O, woman heart, not wisest, best,
Are the pent feelings of a mother's breast
Before she learns, with instinct half divine,
To lay her treasures on no earthly shrine;
But trusting to the power that leads her forth,
Accepts the omen of a higher birth;
This then, the meed that sorrow brings to thee,
And bids thy soul rejoice in being free;
The truer freedom that is won by tears,
And lays its trophies in the lap of years,
That others, guiding o'er life's sea, their bark,
May catch the glory of its faintest spark.
From shriven hearts, the highest light is cast,
Wrought by the anvil and the furnace blast;
The Vulcan spirit that subdues the world
And casts her children in a purer mold.
Then go ye forth with hope all clear and bright,
For morn is breaking from the shades of night,—
The bright exultant morning of the soul,
That lights earth's children to a higher goal,
Where Justice will be poised by weight and scale,
And Truth walk radiant with a coat of mail.
This then, the dawn of that bright day foretold
That sages sighed for, and did ne'er behold;
But to thine eyes, the mystic scroll is given
To view the grandeur of the spirit's heaven.
Then wonder not that through earth's darksome way.
Thy feet have led thee to the dawning day
Whose portal opes upon thy wondering gaze,
With all the splendor of its noontide rays;

But grasp the weapons lying by thy side,
And launch thy bark upon the flowing tide.
A broad expansive ocean is before,
Whose waves are laving bright the farther shore,
Of a fair sunny Isle, thy future home,
Where all the treasures of thy heart shall come,
And bid thy mother love again rejoice
To hear the echo of each loving voice,
While fervently thy heart shall say Amen!
To greet the objects of its love again.
A work more radiant than all else before,
Is waiting ready at thy spirit's door.
Thou see'st it not, but soon it will be given;
The mandate comes to thee from highest heaven;
Then ready be; thyself with thought prepare;
The way is plain, the landscape green and fair.
Along the widening cycle of thy way,
Behold the promise of the future day
Whose morning beams are piercing earth and sky,
And bidding *ignorance* and *discord* fly.



TAKE COURAGE.

Written in Boston, Massachusetts, March 14, 1869.

GO forth to-day! O, doubting heart!
Thy sky is bright and clear;
The winged messengers of love
Dwell in thine atmosphere.
Their pinions fan thy fevered brow,
Their seal is on thy lip;
And honeyed words, ye may not hear,
Like fragrant dew ye sip.

Ye walk where heavenly breezes
Are wafting healing balm,
Thy footsteps leading upward,
Where life has no alarm;
Where all is fair and tender,
And words are not in vain,
The friends, whose name are legion,
Take up the glad refrain.

For, sounding from that "Better Land,"
The welkin yet shall ring
With glowing music, deep and strong,
And thoughts the angels bring.
In garb of truth and purity,
Then walk thy earthly way;
No somber thoughts must mar thee now,
Or tinge thy dawning day,

Thy glowing path, for which we've toiled
And labored on for years,
Is opening wide before thee now,
Revealed through shining tears,
Whose softening influence holy
Adorns and elevates,
Subdues the wayward fancy,
And nobler power creates.
Let no despondent thoughts unfold,
Nor retrospection, sore,
Benumb and stultify the mind,
But look ye on before;
Look to the shining future,
Leave sorrow with the past,
Letting its dark receding wave
Flow from thee swift and fast.

All hail! the hopes and lessons
That wait upon this hour!
In other lands, 'mid other scenes,
You'll grasp your soul's bright dower;
You'll feel the current deep and strong,
Nor fear to stem the tide;
For know ye not the seers of old
Are walking by your side?

The fearless ones, whose mortal breath
Went up 'mid smoke and flame;
Yet left an influence ye have felt
That seeks no empty fame.
Ye know the truth; then dare proclaim
No idle life for thee;
Before thy birth the seal was set
That made thy spirit free.

We've seen the sorrow of thy life;
We've felt its direst wrong;
But every pang thy bosom knew
Hath made thee true and strong—
Hath paved the way for angels,
To come and enter in
The deep recesses, where *thy* God
Dwells free from dust and din.

Within the living temple,
The altar and the shrine,
Stored deep within the mysteries
Of the great eternal mind;
'Mid grander scenes than mortals
Can see, or feel, or know,
Yet, as the ages ripen,
Still deeper, stronger grow
The power to grasp and handle,
To lessen and subdue,
The difficulties in the path
Of all who DARE BE TRUE.



WOMAN AND MAN.

Written in reply to a communication from "Esop Jr.," published in the
"Banner of Progress," August, 1867.

I grant I am a woman; but no more a woman for being Lord Brutus' wife;
I grant I am a woman; but withal more than Cato's daughter;
If I am stronger than my sex, 'tis by virtue of my Womanhood,
In spite of Brutus, or of Cato.—*Shakspeare, improved.*

LET us take a survey of the status of the "first pair," as the representatives of the race, from the history furnished us by Moses, and embellished by wise theologians and pulpit orators all the way down from that startling period when God spake worlds into existence, and commenced to people this little planet—Earth—by creating man and woman.

The history of woman in the Bible furnishes us with very meagre outlines, it is true, for the leading minds of that time were too intent on parading the attributes of the masculine side of creation, out of which were evolved a God to rule the universe. But enough is given to hold up the mirror and show that our much-abused Mother was the first to awaken to a perception of the possibilities which, though vaguely shadowed forth, were to crown the perfect development of the race; showing that her spiritual and perceptive faculties, being more quickened, *wisdom*, typified by the serpent, was presented her. Theologians, in casting about for a solution of this great starting point, have been pleased to call it "Adam's fall," and have stigmatized and anathematized woman, in conjunction with the serpent, for being instrumental in bringing about such a dire calamity. Thus mankind have ever rewarded their benefactors. The Bible leaves us in the dark as to the sex of the angel whom God sent with a flaming sword to drive our "first parents" from their sylvan retreat. But there is no doubt that the masculine principle was there represented; hence the "executive power" displayed. Theology has unwittingly paid woman a compliment in this connection, by placing her as the leader up into higher conditions, as well as stimulating man to a true perception of his own capabilities. It is not surprising that the human mind at that age should conceive of a masculine God, for it had not arrived at that condition where it

could comprehend the higher feminine attributes, which are love, mercy, and wisdom. The leading conceptions of an age always determine the status of that age.

But the first great decade of the ages is completed, and we now stand on the threshold of another era, where woman must take her rightful place beside her brother; not as a rival, but as an intelligent co-operator in all the affairs of humanity. She has heretofore been a blind slave to his whims and caprices. And the first step in that direction will be to restore the equilibrium of sex. Mankind have been trying to walk erect with the right side paralyzed, and consequently have performed an unnatural locomotion. As with individuals, so with nations.

Woman in the past has only performed the lower functions in maternity; never dreaming that she represents the higher creative power of the planet, or that Nature has consigned to her the great work of forming the God-like human soul, male as well as female. To do this nobly, and in accordance with the great design, she must be educated, in the highest sense of the word; she must cultivate all her powers, all her inherent attributes; she must understand, and enter into all the avenues of life. No more determining of artificial bounds of sex that have been engendered in the *ignorance* of the past. "Maternity is the decree of Nature." True, and by virtue of that decree, woman is raised above all others in her added powers and capabilities.

And when she bears a part in the legislation of the American Republic, there will be an impetus given to civilization that will startle the nations from their lethargy, and furnish the crowning act in the drama of human progress.



ODE.

Written for the first anniversary of the Woman's Suffrage Society, San Francisco, October, 1870.

ONE year ago to-day a Spartan band—
 The truest, bravest, noblest of the land—
 Assembled in this city by the sea,
 Proclaiming boldly, *woman must be free!*
 "The ballot gained, can aught else be denied!
 Let bigots sneer, for *less* have martyrs died,
 We see the future; here we count the cost;
 The battle for the right is never lost."
 From small beginnings see the forest grow.
 The cities' tumult fill the vale below.
 Old Ocean's heaving bosom covered o'er
 With stately ships, while on the teeming shore
 The din of labor, every freeman's pride,
 Is moving commerce with a giant stride.

But 'tis a bolder theme we sing to-night;
 These are but shadows to the morning light.
 Lo *woman* comes! the ballot in her hand,
 Opening the portal to a structure grand,
 Enchantress of the future! free to steer
 The Ship of State beyond the breakers clear;
 Bringing her mother-love, sacred and pure,
 To bear upon the laws, for error's cure;
 Redeeming man from stern Mosaic rule
 That stamps its impress on our modern school;
 No more the subject ruled for selfish power,
 The worshiped, fondled plaything of the hour,
 But nature's queen in royal robes arrayed,
 Her sceptre love, her throne the world's arcade.

So we, to-night, recount with glowing pen
The past years work, to be completed when
The Suffrage Ship is safely moored away
With victory *sure*, within some land-locked bay.
Good friends be cheered! the present is aglow
With hope and promise; all the past doth show
A prophecy that time will render sure,
Then watch and work and patiently endure.
Humanity with bleeding heart doth plead
For *woman's* influence in this hour of need;
The fabled story of poor Adam's fall
Has reached a climax, in this modern thrall;
The subject, woman, and the master, man,
Hath brought the Nations under fearful ban.

We ask a hearing; here we press our claim
To our own birthright in a woman's name,
Give us the Ballot; with it comes the power
To right old wrongs; then consecrate this hour
To woman's effort; all her latent strength
Like pent-up forces, must assert itself,
The noble river in its majesty
Among green glades while sweeping to the sea,
Dammed and diverted from its native course
By artificial barriers of force,
O'erflows its banks and inundates the land,
Demoralizing all the work of man.
So woman's nature, damned by man-made laws,
O'ersteps all bounds, and man her brother, draws
Into the vortex where they both must fall,
Cursed by the tyranny that crushes all.
Let nobler motives move the people now,
Before whose mandates even kings must bow,
Till every woman in Earth's broad domain
Shall rend her fetters and cast off her chain.

AWAKE.

DEDICATED TO THE TRUE AND EARNEST WOMEN OF CALIFORNIA.
NOVEMBER, 16, 1866.

SPEAK thou for Woman, glorious theme!
Write with a pen of fire!
Proclaim her world-wide destiny
Along the electric wire.
Raise thou the fallen ones of earth—
What nobler work to do,
When distant generations will
Give back the homage due!

Learn well thy task, with zeal pursue
Thy heaven-appointed way;
The thoughtless may ignore thy work,
Yet heed not what they say.
The ages wait, with lagging foot,
The God-power in the race,
To hurl the truth, with purpose high,
In Error's dastard face.

Old Superstition rears its head
Within Earth's fairest bowers,
And seeks to blast, with poisonous breath,
Her brightest, sweetest flowers;
Thy work is there, to speak the truth,
Though Bigots sternly frown,
To tread beneath thy fearless foot
And crush the monster down.


Fear not the task will be too great,
For strength to thee is given,
Through thorny paths thou has been led
Unto the gates of heaven.
Then will ye halt, and waiting stand,
With all this knowledge bright,
And see the hosts of Error march
To overrule the right.

Then seize the pen; with burning ire
Awake the slumbering mind;
Pour God-like truth, in potent words,
Upon all human kind.
The spell is broke; the angel world
Is hovering near to all;
Dull is the life, and dark the mind,
Whereon no light may fall.



“THE PEN IS MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD.”

DEDICATED TO J. M. ROBERTS, EDITOR OF “MIND AND MATTER.”

RAVE words are mighty. Happy he who sees
with prescient eye,
The coming time, resplendent as meteors in the
sky!

The age of Light and Progress, that bards have long
foretold

In words prophetic, on the page they gleam like burn-
ished gold.

So like great Nature's anthem, or the hero's deathless
fame,

Shall be the echoes of that voice that dares high Truth
proclaim.

Speak to the lowly and the weak, inspire the doubting
soul;

So shall ye soar to loftier heights, and nobler spheres
control.

Our country lifts her standard high o'er all the hill-
tops now,

And brings a crown of promise to deck her people's
brow:

Far in the van heroic souls are clad in bright array,
To lead the march of Nations, and point th' unerring
way.

We catch their deep, inspiring tone—we hear their
battle-cry—

'Tis borne aloft in swelling hearts toward the towering
sky,

And finds response in distant lands, where Freedom
lies in chains,
Forged by relentless tyrants from vile and subtle brains.
Reach forth the hand of sympathy, and gird the earth
around!

Proclaim the mandate of the Free unto the farthest
bound!

"The pen is mightier than the sword!" Brave words
can never die;

Then in the cause of Liberty, rear thou the standard
high.



TO ADA.

On her Birthday. From thy Mother, Rockland, Maine, August 3, 1868.

THY natal day! again the year
Has glided by, and lo! 'tis here;
And standing on our native strand,
Where northern billows, swelling grand,
Encircle, with their merry mirth,
The sturdy land that gave you birth;
Your mother, with a hopeful heart,
In all your trials bears a part.
And backward, o'er the bygone years
Though watered oft with bitter tears,
Can view the wisdom that has led;
And smoothed how oft life's thorny bed;
And now, with finger pointing bright,
It leads from out the stormy night
To clearer skies, where gentler gales
Shall fill for thee the swelling sails,
To waft thy bark with hopeful glee
Upon the future's unknown sea;
May you be wise, your heart rejoice,
And heed the spirit's "still small voice,
That speaking to your heart to-day
Shall guide and lead your feet away
From the low planes, where sordid hearts
Do congregate, to swell the marts
Of worldly pride and selfish care,
That desecrate the temple fair,
And stultify the God-like part
Whose shrine is every human heart.

TO MRS. H. E. G.

ON HER BIRTHDAY, APRIL 17, 1880.


MY friend, I would an offering lay
On this, thy Earth-life's natal day.
Nor sordid boon I claim for thee,
It would not make thy spirit free;
It would retard the higher power
That hovers round thy natal hour.
I would point up with hope and joy
To gild the gold without alloy,
That in the higher mansions lay
For all that lead the shining way;
Who do the deeds thy hand hath done
From early morn to setting sun;
Who feed the hungry, clothe the poor,
Nor turn the beggar from the door.
I see for thee a grander power
Stretch onward from this natal hour,
A widening path of hope and pride,
Outwrought with angels by thy side—
Thy mother-love, thy woman's soul,
Shall bear thee to that higher goal.
Through earth's dark path thy steps shall lead
To help the stricken in their need,
To smooth the bed of pain and death,
Bringing the sufferer back to health.
Thy onward path shall yet be bright,
Resplendent with the power of Right.
Go forward, then; be not deterred
By frown, or sneer, or cruel word;

'The age is dark with crime's deep thrall,
Censure and sorrow meet us all;
'The angels turn their face away
When Earth's fair children go astray;
The mother, bending from the skies,
Surveys us oft through weeping eyes.
With armor bright pursue thy way
Toward the grander, purer day,
When you will stand with angels bright
Beyond the turmoil and the blight,
And words of love and joy will hear—
"Daughter, well done! Reward is here."



DEDICATED TO MRS. O. M. W.

ON HER FIFTIETH BIRTHDAY, APRIL 5, 1881.

AUSE and listen! Angel voices
Swell the corridors above;
Fifty years, with solemn music,
Canopied by deeds of love.
Pause and listen! earthly sister,
Round thee floats the Seraph song;
Noble deeds—sublime, immortal,
Borne by spirit bands along.

Pause and listen! Earnest voices
Mingle with the pean high;
List the lessons that they bring thee,
Upward turn thy wondering eye.
Fields of ether float above thee,
Mapped beyond thy eager view;
Full of hope and bold endeavor,
Comes the lesson unto you.

Pause and listen! Are ye ready
For the earnest, crowding bands
Asking thee to grasp the weapons
Borne aloft by angel hands?
Fifty years! Oh, pause and listen!
Are ye ready for the fray?
Year eventful—full of warning,
Ushers in this natal day.

Pause and listen! Earthly treasures
Lay their blessings at thy feet;
Of thy stewardship be mindful
Ere another year ye greet.
O, be mindful of the mission
To no other one consigned!
Let its nobler, higher duties
Raise aloft thy thoughtful mind.


Lo, they pass. The grave procession,
Filing through the streets of time—
Years that hold our best endeavor;
Years that chant a funeral chime.
Ere another year shall greet thee,
Higher, nobler deeds unfold,
Bravely meet the coming crisis,
Fling thy standard to the world.

Listen for the angel voices
Floating through the ambient air;
Notes of warning—words of wisdom,
Sounding from the portal fair.
Heed and listen! comes the mandate
From a purer, fairer land;
High above this world of sorrow,
From thy loved—thy angel band.



LESSONS.

“Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything.”

LL lesser streams are silenced
In ocean's grander roar;
The cataract majestic,
Is sounding evermore.

Nature's eternal anthem
Leaves naught unsaid, unsung,
Type of the mind immortal,
Whose lyre the Godhead strung.

How like the wild sea's current,
“Casting up mire and dirt,”
Are human souls, still struggling
The evil to avert.

To reach a higher standpoint,
If heaven perchance be nigh,
Or sinking in the vortex,
Where fear and discord lie.

But nature's plan is onward;
The burdened soul deseries,
Beyond the umbrageous forest,
The hills of promise rise;

Grander, because the valley
Is nestling in between;
Fairer, because all tangled
The thickets intervene;

Clearer, for sparkling dew-drops,
Like gems bedeck the way.
Their scintillations blending
With the peerless light of day.

All nature reads a lesson
To this thinking soul of mine,
Truer than fabled story,
More potent, more benign.

The page alive and glowing;
Each word a spoken psalm;
Sent with the force of lightning,
All error to disarm.

Read thou that page, my brother,
'Tis open round thy way;
All ample to thy vision,
The golden sunlight's ray,

Shall gild thy mind's researches,
Trace out the hidden plan,
And teach God's ways are easy
To the delving soul of man.

Then woman's mind so fitted,
Life's mysteries to discern,
Will poise with open vision,
A higher truth to learn.

'Tis laid on all your altars,
This open book so fair;
Scan well the page before you—
Read thou the lesson there.


Perchance a problem deeper,
May stagger and amaze;
But patience on the morrow,
Dispels the mist and haze.

While inspiration glowing,
Still comes from worlds above,
Where the Father's "many mansions"
Are 'rayed with purer love,



REVEILLE,

OR DRUM BEAT AT BREAK OF DAY.

 O, the promised day is dawning,
Long foretold by prophets old!
And the sign of truth and progress
High above us is unrolled;
And the muffled tramp of millions,
Arming for the coming fight,
Throng the hill-side and the valley,
With their armor burnished bright!
Up, and doing! noble workers,
In the cause of truth and right.

On the breeze, from distant nations,
Hear the bugle's stirring note,
And the loud-mouth'd cannon, sounding
Warning from its brazen throat!
Every man must do his duty,
Every woman wield a power;
Earth, from out the sleep of ages,
Waits the great baptismal hour!
O, be earnest, zealous, truthful,
Ye who claim the higher dower!

Read the lesson, tyrants; tremble!
Long beneath your blighting sway
God-like souls have toiled, and fainted
With the burden of the day!
See the martyrs crowned with glory,
Bending from their higher spheres!

Courage, brothers, light is breaking!
And the blinding weight of tears,
Wrung from hearts oppressed and tortur'd,
Renovates the coming years.

Woman! patient, hopeful, trusting,
Send your burning thoughts afar;
Truth's bright standard be your watchword,
Justice high your guiding star;
For your part the age is waiting—
Harkning for the grander chime!
Now it lacks the truer key-note,
That shall make men's lives sublime!
Mothers, daughters, wives, and sisters,
Yours the greatest work of time.

Up and doing! Souls are sleeping
That but need your potent power,
Rousing them to higher motives,
Such as suit this fateful hour!
Know thyself, and then thy duty
Plain before thee will uprise;
Then the new and purer Era,
Free from Error's dark disguise,
Shall unfold before your vision,
Spanning earth, and sea, and skies.



FREEDOM'S PROMISE.

“Freedom’s battle once begun,
Bequeathed from bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft, is ever won.”

BE still, O, anxious hearts! and calmly wait
The coming hour that tells a people’s fate.

Curb the deep throbbings of your heaving breasts,
O, lowly ones, who long have been oppressed!

And ye, who stand upon the watchman’s tower,
And read the record of each passing hour,

Nerve your brave hearts with a diviner glow,
For aspiration like the ocean’s flow,

Is welling up from souls whose latent power
Will brook nor metes nor bounds to Freedom’s dower.

O, subtle souls! whose boon it is to know
By Reason’s power and Inspiration’s glow,

The deeper current of this moving life,
Whose every phase with higher thought is rife—

Work nobly, earnestly, and proudly dare
To urge the conquest of a realm so fair,

Upon whose grander heights the coming man
Shall walk triumphant to great Nature’s plan;

No more the tool, the plaything of the hour,
He stands a god, nor fears the tyrant’s power!

But ere that distant goal shall be attained,
To basest ends the good will be profaned;

While demagogues, in robes of ermine clad,
Corrupt the nation, meek-eyed Justice, sad,

With mournful gaze surveys the passing scene,
Yet sees, beyond the mists that intervene,

A radiant future, tinged with golden beams—
A full-orbed Freedom, on whose summit teems

The culmination of long-toiling years,
Outwrought through agony, and blood, and tears.

Roll back the curtain of the starry dome!
Survey the grandeur of the spirit's home!

"Let there be light!" the cheering strain prolong,
And O, ye nations! swell the magic song,

Till earth's remotest mountain shall proclaim
A people's birth-right is no idle name!

Hurl Pope and Potentate from earthly throne—
Justice and right shall circle every zone;

A higher Faith will cheer the coming age,
Redeeming death, and bright'ning history's page.

The maudlin priest, with creed and parchment old,
No longer leads; truth is not bought and sold,

But comes untrammelled from the spheres above,
And draws the people by the power of love;

It needs no organ peal, no steeples high,
No mitred crown nor hypocritic sigh,

But throws its holy spell o'er high and low,
Embracing Nations in its hallowed glow.

WOMANHOOD.

Written in Boston, in January, 1868.

EVENTS more important than any that have graced the theater of American affairs are just before us, sounding the knell of a greater than African slavery; that which comes nearer this people and takes a stronger hold upon the institutions of the land; a slavery that is polluting every avenue of civilization and dragging humanity down to the level of animal life, without its natural and normal condition. It is none other than the degradation of *woman*, the *mother* of the race, the fair pillar of our republic, lying prostrate in the dust, shorn of her bright proportions and serving only as a stumbling block to bar the progress of the ages.

Look abroad and behold her in all the departments of life; first, the fashionable lady, prostituting her God-given attributes upon the shrine of folly and show; then contrast with her the over-worked daughters of toil; then the poor, degraded child of crime and sensuality. But, it may be asked, are there no honorable women, wives, and mothers, over all the land, to redeem this fearful picture that hangs like a pall upon the walls of our American structure? Ah, 'tis of these we would speak to-day! Are they filling the true place designed by the great Architect of the universe? Wives they are, 'tis true; mothers they must be perforce, not often by their own free will, or what means the fearful crime that follows so closely on these relations? for it is alarmingly prevalent in so-called married life, and not confined, by any means, to those outside of conventional marriage.

This is the most vital question of the age. Womanhood is offered an unhallowed sacrifice to the demon, licentiousness, that is walking forth to-day, in all the panoply of power within Church and State, desolating shrines where innocence and purity dwell. It is a disease whose accumulating force has been the work of centuries; a leprosy before whose scathing influence humanity pauses, spell-bound and paralyzed. We say womanhood is sacrificed, because she is emphatically the victim; and the cause originated with the license of priesthood, far back in the past. Mahometanism and Mormonism are

the hot-beds where swarm and fester the emanations of the hydra-headed monster whose magnetic radiations are permeating all nations and peoples. Silently but surely it takes hold on every department of human life. "Let us eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die," is the language of Christendom to-day, not to go abroad for multiplied proofs of this fearful malady. Woman, then, is the doomed and helpless instrument to transmit the curse to all generations, through that which was intended as the *most sacred and noble mission conferred upon the human family*. When will ye awake, oh, down-trodden daughters of humanity! to a truer appreciation of yourself—the leader, not the led; the dictator and guardian of true motherhood, made *sacred alone by its own inherent demands, based on natural laws, governed by reason and intuition*, those unerring guides to which all else must be subservient.

Arise, then, oh, woman! and *dare* be free. Upon your decision must rest the fate of Empire. Man's aggressive and propelling spirit has wrought for you no flowery bed of ease; his protection has legislated you into imbecility, above whose vortex you are being launched into a whirlpool of despair and horror, where you must awake to the cries of your suffering ones, appealing to you at last for succor.

And this comes by intrusting your God-given right and heritage to your brother, regardless of the mandate "Be true to thyself." Our nation has just passed through a bloody war, where your dear ones have been offered upon its altar. And what have you gained by the sacrifice? Look around oh! woman, and answer the question. Survey the two great political parties that are leading the nation on to anarchy. What are the principles won by your suffering and penance for others' sins? Ask yourselves before God and your own womanhood, what are you doing for yourselves and your children. The same answer comes that has been heard from women in all the past: "We are looking for others to do our work; content to be subordinate, when God is speaking to you, through untold anguish, to intrust our work to no unskilled hands. Does your brother still offer protection? Point him to your down-trodden sister, and bid him lift her up to woman's high estate; lead him into the dens of poverty, and ask him to throw his protecting arm around her there; accompany him within the marts of trade and competition, and there see woman sacrificed and bleeding upon that unholy altar. Where has not woman been led, content, alas! to follow out the programme


engendered within an ignorant and adulterous age, whose turbid and relentless waters are deluging this fair heritage of our fathers, upon whose parchment scroll stands, like mockery, the words, "All governments derive their just power from the *consent* of the governed."

"A greater than Daniel has come to judgment," and will be heard. Yes, above the clamor of party strife and the senseless cry of demagogues, is heard the "voice that spake as never man spake:" "Ye are weighed in the balance, and found wanting!" "Prepare ye, for the day of God's vengeance is at hand!" "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto these, My little ones, ye have done it unto Me!" "Behold, I am leading this nation through troublous times! the seed has been sown; wonder not at the fruit of the harvest time." "Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles?" These little ones whom ye despise, will, in turn, lead you forth, oh! "wicked and perverse generation." Already anointed are they for the work, and ye must give way. Blessed are they who have their lamps trimmed and burning to light up the nation's darkness! On the scroll of after years will appear in characters of fire the history of to-day, written by the pen of inspiration, thrown backward over scenes-the mind shrinks now to contemplate. But fear not, oh! chosen ones, for the result; thy work will culminate there, and other times and other peoples will do thee homage. Be inspired to meet the demand that is calling thee with no gentle voice to the altar of sacrifice. Be calm, trusting and reliant. We know thy power and will guard thy way, though it lead to the cannon's mouth or up the steeps of Calvary.



MACEDONIA.

"Come over and help us."—Bible.

ISTERS, 'tis the Nation's morning!
Ye the heralds of the day,
Sounding forth a double warning,
Be not loiterers by the way.

Man, thy brother, stands bewildered,
Clutching at the veriest straw,
Patching up the broken fragments,
While above, the higher law

Thunders forth the word portentous
That shall make the nations quake,
And restore your own dear birthright,
Speaking out as man ne'er spake.

Heralds ye of grander lessons
Than the ancient world e'er learned;
Ye, the lowly ones and fettered,
By your stronger brother spurned.

But the gem that is embedded
Deepest in the miry clay,
Brightest shines when resurrected—
Polished till the diamond's ray

Sends its radiations onward,
Sparkling like a coronal
Set upon the brow of beauty,
Glowing thoughts and words to tell.

Man, thy brother, stands bewildered;
Who, alas! shall break the spell?
Who proclaim the mighty mandate,
Arching heaven and spanning hell?

Where the clarion voice, that, sounding,
Shall reveal the dawning way?
Who the mighty one entrusted
To restore God's holy sway?

Woman, thou, the chosen vessel,
Yours the hand must grasp the helm;
Hear ye not the sounding breakers,
Fear ye yet, the flood to stem?

From the higher realms of silence,
Arching worlds of space and time,
Comes the key-note, forged in anger,
Peeling forth from power sublime.

Waken, then; your noble mission,
Doubly earned by sighs and tears,
Wafts thy soul to full fruition,
Reaching out and quelling fears.

Onward from the darker ages,
Used for manhood's baser part,
Crucified upon the altar
Of thy brother's craven heart,

Thou hast borne thy burdens meekly,
While the asp's sting pierced thy breast,
Granting all thy brother asked for,
Bowing to his stern behest,

Till the race bore fearful impress
Of the galling chains ye wore,
Manacled in mind and purpose,
Hearts perverted, reason lower

Than the passions holding pastime
O'er the God-like soul within,
Chaining all the nobler instincts
With an iron band of sin.

Thou, the mother, God's own artist,
In whose hand the chisel rare
Is entrusted, for producing
Beings worthy of thy care.


Man, thy brother, is bewildered
O'er the yawning chasm vast;
Have thy lamps all trimmed and burning
Hear ye not the trumpet blast?

Lo the bridegroom comes; be ready;
Go ye forth with power to-day.
Grasp the weapons angels bring thee,
Walking forth on God's highway.

Fairer than a risen Jesus
Comes the sun of truth to you
Herald of the power that woman
In *her* risen strength may do.

WOMAN.

“Speak to the daughters of my people.”

OMAN, standing by the portal
Of a newer, purer life,
Grander far than all preceding,
With a world's wide purpose rife;

Weaving thoughts that strain and quicken,
Soaring forth to realms afar,
Tracing out the hidden meaning
Of each brightly beaming star;

Sounding depths by *man* unfathomed,
Reaching where the angels tread,
Where the olden seers and prophets
Have by fast and prayer been led;

Waking strains that lead the ages,
Striking chords that sweep the heart,
Pointing to a bright elysium,
Where ye, too, shall bear a part.

God's own children, sorely fettered,
Wake to higher, nobler life;
Break the bonds that long have bound thee,
Rise above the sordid strife;

Gods are with thee; angels hasten
To unbar the pearly gate,
Letting in a flood of sunshine,
O'er the turbid sea of hate.

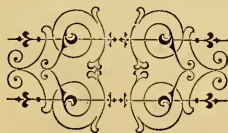
In the nation's resurrection,
Your's the greatest, noblest part,
Leading up your sons and brothers,
With a brave, heroic heart.

By the pangs ye, too, have suffered,
Gird your bosom and be strong,
For the sullen shocks of battle
To these stirring times belong.


Blood must flow before redemption
Bathes thee with her clearer light;
Earth-bound souls are still in prison,
Groaning through the sultry night.

Thine the hand, linked with thy brother,
That must "roll the stone away"
From the tomb of bygone ages,
Where the ghosts of error lay.

Heed the mandate! Wisdom calls thee;
Clear her voice is—as the morn,
And the savior of the people
EVER *is of woman born.*



PROGRESS.

ORNING dawns in mystic grandeur—
Mother earth with beauty teems;
Hoary mists of superstition
Melt before the genial beams;
While the car of day mounts upward,
Glowing, sparkling on her course;
Winning by her gentle influence—
Her's no triumph born of force.

Hope, with proud exultant pinion,
Like a rainbow spans the way,
Scattering radiant scintillations
As the fountain's jetting spray.
Lo! the promise of the ages,
Made to man, now dawns apace,
Harbinger of th' umpire, Reason—
Rise and give the stranger place!

Principles sublime and mighty,
Are evolved in ambient air;
All the atmosphere is radiant—
For the truth now do and dare!
This the age demanding action!
Gird your armor firmly on!
Noble workers, heaven-directed,
Human prejudice is strong.


Toiling with a holy purpose,
When the early morn appears,
Glorious shall be the noon-day
Of the swift revolving years.

Errors old must be combated,
Priest and people shall advance,
Musty parchments cannot longer
Chain the mind in ignorance.

For the present time is brilliant
With the promise of the age;
They who run may read the lesson;
Bravely turn each glowing page.
And the goal is human freedom!
Who shall dare the race impede?
'Tis your birthright, man and woman!
Bow to neither sect nor creed!



LOVE.

O hand of mother, on me laid,
Hath sanctified this holy name
Nor offering on earth's altars made,
Can bring the meed the soul would claim.

But grander than the heights above,
And deeper than the depths below,
Far stronger than the northern blast
Sweeping above the arctic snow,

Comes the full anthem from a heart
Whose chords no master-hand hath swept,
But smouldering fires hath burned, until,
With strong convulsions, nature wept.

Then from the vortex of despair
Gleamed forth the souls diviner wealth,
And far above a world of scorn,
Looked deep within, and found itself.

For truth no sordid mind may grasp
Is undulating far and free,
Embracing ties the world disowns,
Probing the ages yet to be.

The ages o'er whose trembling verge
The great Archangel's trumpet-sound
Shall echo 'mid your vales and hills,
Breaking the silence so profound.

The silence of the suffering heart,
 Made eloquent by keen despair,
Until it rends the bridge of might
 And beards the lion in his lair.

O, woman love! in after years,
 When scourging hand hath set ye free,
The offering of thy earthly life,
 Shall double power and purpose be,

To gird thy soul for grander ends,
 Than e'en thy wildest dreams hath known;
Then let thy birthright stand revealed
 'Till woman's mission be upthrown.

For on the placid sea of Love,
 Outreaching from thine own brave soul
A current flows to bear thee on,
 Toward a grander, loftier goal.

Then take the meed by suffering won,
 The guerdon of a grateful heart,
A deeper incense still is thine
 And woman's hand must still impart.

For *more than all* the wealth of earth,
 And sordid aims that men pursue,
Is the great sum of *human Love*
 In all its avenues made true.

JUSTICE.

GREAT truths, like burning stars, flash forth at night,
Piercing the darkness, heralding the light;
When dawning day reveals to mortal ken
The hidden glories, long concealed from men.
Great truths are born 'mid conflict and despair;
They leap to light from sorrow's fruitful lair;
Flashing like meteors, radiant, bright, serene,
Spanning the darkness like the morning's beam.
They come in whirlwinds, 'mid the tempest strife,
And galvanize dead natures into life;
Advance the progress of the lagging years;
Baptize the heart anew, through burning tears;
Electrify the inner and divine,
Purging the grossness of the common mind.
Advance then, woman; know thy birth-right sure,
The great of earth, are those who most endure;
No laggard she, whose mind and heart may scan
The opening vista of this age of man.
How grand the shadows lift the soul above;
How bright the radiance of diviner love;
How still and deep the inner current leads,
Searching the problem of the soul's great needs;
Bidding us seek alway diviner guide,
For holy angels walk our steps beside
Their ministry for good, O! let us heed;
Leaving their impress on each daily deed;
For not in vain such counselors are given—
They bring a foretaste of the bliss of heaven.
A warning voice is whispered in our ear,

Like strains of music, on the evening clear
Anon, in peril's hour, a clasping hand
Is leading upward to a calmer land—
A clime all free from error, grief or care,
For Truth stands forth, guarding the portal fair.
Then make thy mind, Oh! pilgrim on life's sea,
A fitting temple of the great To Be.
A grander chord of human thought must swell,
To pierce the darkness of the bigot's hell,
Dispelling ignorance, despair and hate,
Alas! the legacy of cruel fate,
Bequeathed by ages, o'er whose tomb of years,
The soul sits brooding, full of doubts and fears,
Still learns amid the lessons of the hour,
The deeper eloquence of might and power;
The power of love, that bright, effulgent ray—
How dwarfed the soul that answers not its sway;
How dark and stunted seem all else, beside
The glowing beauty of great nature's bride;
The permeating, searching power that blends
Her swaying elements for grander ends.
Stand forth, O, Truth! despite the frown or sneer,
Here build thy temple in the opening year;
Scouring from out the altar's sacred fane
All desecrations from unholy gain;
All baser passions, hoary with old time,
Pregnant with echoes of medieval chime,
We here invoke thee; waiting hearts lay bare,
Inscribe thy lessons on the tablet fair.
Anew we consecrate our life to thee,
Oh, goddess of the future, pure and free;
Thou guide divine, of souls baptized by fire,
Until they wake the spirits' holier lyre

With answering strains made eloquent and strong
By burning contact with the monster Wrong.
Here, like a child, we seek again the knee,
To lisp our accents, and be taught of thee.
We feel thy power—thy higher, nobler sway
Confront our errors and our fears allay.
We tread the confines of a better land,
And feel the pressure of a guiding hand.
O, Truth sublime! thy presence we implore;
Thy shield invoke; our waiting hearts full sore
Are bowed in silence; open thou the door
And let the radiance of diviner love
Descend and lift us to thy courts above,
That we may tread thy mansions pure and free,
And breathe the perfume of the great To Be.



TRUST.

DARK lowers the cloud! oh, human heart!
Still bleeding and despairing?
Then let me rend the veil apart,
Thy deepest sorrows sharing.

The past, a dark, sad picture weaves,
To eyes all moist with weeping,
The future, under love's bright leaves,
Is purely, sweetly sleeping.

In memory's heritage of tears
The meadow-land is flowing,
The hill of life at last appears
To have another showing.

A greater lesson comes to-day,
Born of the tempest's raging;
More true and lasting is its sway—
A nobler life presaging.

Shrink not to scan the picture well,
Though pain in retrospection
Shall cause the chords of life to swell
Beneath the deep inspection.

No faltering step has e'er been lost,
But nobly, wisely taken,
Though sharp and strong the pang it cost,
With reason almost shaken,

But poised above the sullen roar
Of error, seething, swelling,
The troubled heart, though sad and sore,
Has reached a purer dwelling.

All bright above the tempest's strife,
In calmer *trust* reposing—
A heritage well-earned, a life
To grander ends emerging.

A broader sweep of destiny
Beams now above, displaying
The true and wave-like symphony
That higher love is swaying.

All eager climb the mountain height
Of sterling, wise endeavor;
The beacon now is pointing bright,
Despite the wind or weather.

The guiding hand is thine; accept,
For at the threshold waiting,
An angel in the heart hath kept
Thy earliest thoughts debating.

The aspirations of the child,
All garnered and protected,
Assume a power more firm and mild
That still is heaven directed.

Life's mission then, will be more plain
Unto thy comprehension,
When thou dost learn it is in vain
The Father's plan to question.

But *trusting*, yield thy better self,
Heeding thine own impression;
And let thy deep soul's glowing wealth
Become the world's possession.

COMPENSATION.

SUMMER, in the lap of Autumn
Pours her rich and golden store;
Bursting buds proclaim the Spring-time;
When the Winter storm is o'er;
So upon life's toilsome journey,
Like the circling round of years;
We may trace the deep emotions
Moving us to smiles and tears.

Yet again might Spring-time gladden,
Did we keep the fountain clear,
And with high resolves, determine,
Only by the *right* to steer;
Moving thoughtfully, serenely,
Like the onward march of Time,
Noble deeds may be accomplished,
And a destiny sublime.

Grandly Nature tells her story,
As the seasons glide along,
Full of symbols, hints and warnings,
That to every age belong;
Her's a quaint and ponderous volume,
Every page is lettered o'er;
Such as this, *need no revising*—
Earnestly its truth explore.

Reap the harvest of the future;
Rich experience will be there,
If within life's early Spring-time,
Thou hast sown the seeds with care,

Golden sheaves of thought and feeling,
Well adorn the Autumn years;
Noble acts, and deeds of mercy,
When the wintry gloom appears.

Note the emblems of the morning.
Scan the lessons of the day;
When the twilight hour is dawning,
Thoughtfully review the way;
Let the night's deep inspiration,
Eloquent with heavenly light,
Nerve thee—guard thy every action—
Keep thy spirit's armor bright!



RETROSPECTION.


Suggested while writing to MRS. F. G. McDUGAL

KNOW ye, my friend, within the radiance
Of calmer hope I rest,
Though surges from the waves of long ago
Are beating 'gainst my breast.
How wildly o'er the spirit comes anon
Deep memories of the past,
That present hours, though hallowed and blest
With somber shades are cast.
How in the solitude visions intrude
Darkly athwart the day,
That ghosts of other years stalk wildly in,
Holding the will at bay.
While children's voices mingle with the strains,
The chimes that wake and start,
The echo of whose footsteps come and go,
Across the busy mart.
The Summer bloom waned strangely o'er a path
Held by an unseen band.
Till Autumn's mellow fruit, in sunny hours,
Lay tempting to the hand.
Winter, the crowned monarch of the year,
Held vigils o'er the way,
While Spring, with bounding footstep, comes again,
With bud and leaf and spray.
Musing, I ask, while seasons come and go,
What mean the tone they bring?
And why, along the twilight of the years
We scent the breath of Spring?

Why buds, that withered in the "long ago,"
Should wake to life again,
With bells of memory, soft, and sweet, and low,
Chiming a sad refrain?
I ask, and answer comes laden with trust,
Life's truest lessons, like the costly flower,
Spring ever from the dust,
And wanton feet, that rudely crushed the buds
Of early hope and faith,
Find when the seasons wane with bitter blast,
How cruel mem'ries scathe.
See how the morning hues were tinged and blurr'd
With discord, born of greed,
Forgetting, in the rush for wealth and fame,
The deeper soul's true need.
So buried treasures leap to life again,
Touched by a potent power
And lo! the spirit of the bud and leaf
Burst into fruit and flower.



THE INNER LIFE.

 WALK a land of beauty; beyond the jarring
whirl,
I see a band of angels their banners bright unfurl;
I almost hear their footsteps press closely to my side;
Their voices die in music, above the rolling tide—
The tide of earthly being, that laves this lower strand,
And surges o'er our human hearts with purpose high
and grand,
Relentless in its seeming, yet bouyant in its power,
It brings the meed of recompense to gild each passing
hour.

Again I walk in shadows fraught with some mystic
power,
Athwart the dim horizon life's solemn fate-clouds
lower;
The angel voice is silent, my courage almost gone,
My bark before the raging blast in fury dasheth on.
Before my mental vision the dusty wayside teems
With struggling, toiling millions, whose hopes are only
dreams.
I feel the heartfelt yearnings, the deep desponding tone,
That cometh from those sinking souls, on life's rough
billows thrown.

Again 'mid scenes of beauty, I rove with Angel guides;
The calm is o'er my spirit thrown, no earthly care
divides.
O, wonder of our being! O, mystery none may know!
Whose future is the ages, whose past is long ago,

Whose symbol is the ocean, the mountain top serene—
The grandeur of the forest, the valley thrown between,
The majestic rolling river, the bright and flowery lea,
The lake in placid beauty, the calm and tranquil sea.

All these are emblems truly of the wayward heart of
man,

As he struggles upward blindly, yet ever in the van.
Now proud ambition lures him, now faith serenely
guides;

Anon, his nobler nature is surging like the tides;
Then lowly in the valley his spirit seems to lie,
Until we start in terror, to his sharp desponding cry.
But on, forever onward, toward the higher goal,
Sweeps the never ending current—'TIS MAN'S IMMORTAL
SOUL.



HOMESTEAD VOICES.

The Author arrived in California in 1851; revisited her Eastern home
in 1868.

DAUGHTER, come home!" a mother's heart is
yearning,
And reaching forth its tendrils o'er the sea;
"A life-long wanderer! when will thy returning
Bring back the hopes we felt go forth with thee?
Long years have come and gone, since the sad morning
We saw bright visions luring thee away,
And feared that thou, alas! our home love scorning,
Would'st droop and falter over life's rough way."

"Daughter, come home!" fond eyes to thee are turning—
A father's thoughts dwell on thy lonely way;
He asks—with heaving sighs his heart is burning—
Upon that distant shore, O, why delay?
We know the dreams that called thee hence are ended,
That sorrow on thy heart has cast its blight;
But inner strength with suffering is blended,
And now for thee there dawns a purer light.

"Sister, come home!" a plaintiff voice is calling,
From one who trod with us life's early way,
When all was gay, and rays of joy were falling
Around like flakes of snow on wintry day.

"O, sister dear! my eyes are sad with weeping;
Before my vision stands the vacant chair;
A brother's* form, in confined vestments sleeping,
Was borne in sorrow to our threshold fair."

*A brother who died in the naval hospital in New Orleans, Sept., 1864.

"Sister, come home!" a brother, too, is pleading,
In manly tones, O, heed our earnest prayer!
Too long ye stay, on buried hopes still feeding;
Our childhood's haunts are green, and bright and fair.
'Tis true you'll miss some dear, familiar faces,
And Time has left his impress all around;
But roses bloom in "old remembered places."
And childish playthings still bedeck the ground.

"Mother, O, come!" a daughter's tones are blending
With sisters, friends, and kinsmen far away;
"Arise! and back thy homeward path still wending,
Recall the vision of the dawning day."
A spirit sister speaks! O, pause and listen!
"You'll visit once again the scenes of yore!
And while upon your lids the tear-drops glisten,
You'll *rightly* con life's riddle sadly o'er."



HOMEWARD.

A reply to "Homestead Voices." San Francisco, May 1, 1868.

MOTHER, I come! thy wandering child
Would gaze once more upon thy face,
Though time has left its impress there,
And quenched the light of youthful grace
That shone in earlier, happier years,
Ere sorrow on thy lot was cast,
And footsteps crossed home's threshold o'er,
Leaving an echo as they passed.

Father, I come! the years ago
Have left deep traces on thy brow,
While fancy, busy with the past,
Is conjuring up the future now—
The future, o'er whose untried way
We walk with cautious steps and slow,
When life's experiences have filled
The past with bitterness and woe.

Sister, I would an offering bring,
Full of the lessons of the hour,
To span the void that death hath made,
And build a bright, a living tower,
Linked by a chain whose shining bands
Knows no corroding touch of time—
That reaches to immortal heights,
And verges on a hope sublime.

Then grieve no more for one whose form
Is sleeping 'neath Pacific's wave;
She is not there! the immortal part
Hath rose triumphant o'er the grave.

Nor, mother, mourn thy darling son,
Who laid his earthly armor by,
Beside a far-off southern shore,
When waves of conflict raged so high.

They are not gone, but with us still,
No empty place is at our board;
And tears of sorrow ill befit
Hearts with such living manna stored.
Weep for earth's sufferers everywhere,
If weep ye must, but not for them!
They walk the bright, immortal shore—
These still Time's chilling billows stem.

And more than all, I bring a boon,
Born 'mid dark conflict's sternest power;
Its shield has been a living force
To guide my steps through sorrow's hour.
'Tis INSPIRATION's holy light,
That comes from higher, brighter spheres—
Exultant lifts the soul above,
And wipes away all earthly tears.



OFF ACAPULCO.

Steamship "Golden Age," May 21, 1868.

STANDING on Time's towering headlands,
Looking forth toward the sea.
Tell us, bold explorer, frankly
What thy fertile thoughts may be.

Reach they on to spheres untrodden,
In the swiftly coming years?
Verge they to a hope immortal,
Or obscured by misty tears?

Bears the past thy feelings onward?
Lures the future to betray?
Tell us truly, are ye musing,
Idly wasting out life's day?

"Life is earnest," watch the current,
Catch the gently whispering breeze,
Trim thy sails with earnest purpose,
Boldly steer o'er untried seas.

Ever onward be thy motto,
Storing knowledge on the way,
Hope's elastic current bear thee
To a brighter, happier day;

Till ye view the silver lining,
Tinging bright thy earthly cloud,
Once enwrapping life's great duty,
With the semblance of a shroud;

Till ye view, with soul enraptured,
Hights that mortal never trod,
Looming forth with power and grandeur,
In the mystic realm of God.



GREETING TO MAINE.

Written while sailing through Penobscot Bay, June 10, 1868.

MY native State; thy bounding sea
Is nature's offering unto thee!
The rocks that gird thy rugged shore
Are written deep with mystic lore;
Thy lengthning coast and sunny isles
Are luring with their many wiles
Thy wandering child to seek thy breast
And claim again the needful rest;
For years of toil and feverish pain,
That leave their traces on the brain,
Benumbing oft with scathing power
The inspiration of the hour
That come a messenger of love
To lift the groveling thoughts above.

Penobscot Bay! thy restless waves,
Reminder of thy children's graves
In other lands, and severed wide
Where rolls old ocean's ruthless tide,
Revealing through these blinding tears,
The hopes and dreams of other years.
Here on this floating deck I stand,
Raising by memory's magic wand
The shadowy past, and laying bare
The joys and sorrows written there.
I come again for strength and power
To aid me, in this earnest hour;
To consecrate the heart anew
For the great work I see to do.

Thy granite hills are firm and strong;
Inspired by these to grapple wrong,
In God's own might the sword is drawn
For generations yet unborn.
Thy waving pine-tree's fragrant breath,
Bright harbingers of life, not death,
Are speaking with a living voice,
To elevate and to rejoice
The hearts of those, where error blind
Doth cripple all the powers of mind.
I come again, thy wayward child,
To read thy history weird and wild,
Where Winter with his sternest power
Stalks wildly forth, through field and bower,
Laying his hand with withering might
On Summer's golden treasures bright;
Stern emblem of the blighting power
That desolates the festive hour.

I bring experience rich and rare,
Enwrapping with a mantle fair
The present dim, uncertain way,
And lighting up with hopes bright ray
The coming day, whose eastern beams
Are faintly shadowed forth in gleams
Of higher thought and nobler aim,
That seeks no answering voice: O Fame!
But is content that future time
Adown the ages, shall consign
To earnest souls, the meed that's due,
Regardless of the *how* or *who*,
For compensation's law is true,
Extending all creation through.

The lowliest child that seeks thy soil
Can gain a recompense by toil—
Toil of the heart, or hand or brain.
These are the thoughts I bring, O Maine!

And lay this offering at thy feet,
Where Ocean's restless billows meet.
Accept the tribute of my lay;
A grateful heart, I bring to-day;
The legacy of childhood's years
Is brightly seen through falling tears—
A soul to scan, a heart to grieve,
A will to pity and relieve,
A loyal love for truth and right,
Deep hatred of the tyrants might.
I pledge my fealty, through tears,
Beside the shrine of early years,
And nerve my heart, with strength and power,
For the great future's *trial hour.*



REVISITED.

Written on the shore of Penobscot Bay, June 1869.

"Hast thou come with the heart of thy childhood back,
The free, the pure, the kind?
So murmured the trees in my homeward track,
As they played to the mountain wind."

—MRS. HEMANS

Long years ago, a thoughtful child, I stood
Beside the restless, ever-changing sea.
Gazing afar; and by some wondrous power,
The future, in that dreamy mood,
Was shown to me.

THE haze that floated over the coming years was lifted, revealing the grief, the turmoil, the changing scenes, which memory now calls up from the dim cloisters of the shadowy past. But then 'twas summoned forth by some weird, mystic spell, that riveted the senses, chaining them as by magic, to the sorcery of the hour.

The wild panorama of Ocean, as restless as the heart that beat in the bosom of the wayward, undisciplined child, was heaving and surging forward, then breaking in bright waves along the pebbly beach.

Then fancies, like wandering ghosts, thronged quick and fast before the enraptured vision, while nature, in that prophetic hour, was questioned and importuned to reveal the end and aim of human hopes and aspirations.

The bland, soft breath of June, redolent with flowers and luminous with sunshine, floated around, wafting fragrance to the senses, imbued alike with past and future themes.

The woman soul was wakening to the music of coming years; now harsh and discordant—anon, fully teeming with the hopes that lend their stimuli to the struggling soul. How deep the question, as eagerly the thoughts went searching for an answer to the mind's strong, yearning tone. What is the end and aim of all this mighty plan? Hour after hour went unheeded by, and still the deep problem of life remained unsolved, while the ocean sang its sublime anthem, as it had in all the ages, yet tenderly encircling a green isle, which,

like an oasis in the desert of a barren life, reposed amid the waste of waters.

Since then, eventful years, mirrored forth by the waves of that restless sea, have left their impress upon the childish brow reflected there on that bright Summer day. Still, the question asked again, 'mid other scenes, beneath stranger skies, remains unanswered. And oft the weary head, hot with the world's feverish breath, has longed to seek the solitude of that hour, and wandering back beyond the dark vista of life's bewildering shams, repose once more in the innocence of childhood's idle dreams.

But when the boon again was given to seek the haunts of early years, how changed the sylvan scene! The waves were sounding still, but how reproachfully their chorus fell upon the listening ear! Then the future was again invoked, but the dark, relentless past pushed sternly in, demanding with imperious tone a trophy worthy of the lessons given in childhood's thoughtful moods. Then the blotted page that memory offered to the soul's vision was scanned anew. Hand in hand with vanished hours, were trod the old familiar paths, trying to recall the glowing fancies that gave wings to the fleeting Summer days. Ah! where are now the buoyant hopes that gilded all with rainbow hues of promise? Then the answer came, faint and scarcely articulate: "Not dead, but sleeping." From out these old retreats a murmur, like the "voice of many waters," sounded in the ear, "From this meridian high survey fearlessly the warnings of the past, and by them learn the lesson of the hour. Begin anew thy journey and thy life; let the mistakes and errors of early undisciplined years, serve as guides for the coming day; seek not to look too eagerly into that which is to be, but let no present duty go undone; awake the enthusiasm of the youthful heart, sanctified by the sorrow of the past and be prepared for all the future may demand."

Wood, field, and ocean, spread before the vision, waved assent to the deep import of these solemn words, as, turning into the old familiar path, weary feet retraced the homeward way. But the old question asked by the child-heart, and the problem all unanswered and unsolved, still beckoned on toward the unknown and undiscovered that is ever beyond. The setting sun, throwing his rays athwart the path, reflecting shadows of rock and tree, cast a mild, soft radiance on all around, quieting the turbulent beating of a sorrowing heart. Thus I passed again from my childhood haunts, with heart softened and subdued by the influence of the scene, and better prepared to grapple with the stern role of fate.

THE INDIAN'S WARNING.

"THE AMERICAN INDIAN AS HE WAS, AND AS HE IS."

NEW ENGLAND! on thy wave-washed shore
I sit and list the billow's roar,
As on the pinions of the past,
Wild thoughts are hieing with the blast.
I hear the tides of long ago
Surge onward with a steady flow,
Bearing the sturdy years away
To open up a brighter day.

I see the past; oh, who shall dare
Unfold the scroll that's written there?
And to this generation read
The record of each bloody deed?
The red man's hope, the red man's pride
Is graven on this flowing tide;
And as the swiftly urged canoe
Shall come the lesson unto you:

"These are our lands; we've passed away,
Yet still we speak to you to-day,
And through the daughters of your land,
Will renovate and guard the strand,
We come, without a whoop or sound,
From the great Spirit's hunting-ground,
To touch your hearts with living fire
And bid your spirits come up higher.

"The future we dare not unfold,
Your hearts would tremble to behold;
For retribution's sullen tide

Must surge above your towering pride,
Before you learn the power and might
That follows in the wake of Right,
The Indian's vengeance still is here,
We come in love and know no fear.


"We come with arrows keen and bright;
Precursor to a stormy night,
Before the mists are cleared away
That usher in the new-born day.
Your sachems fan their council-fire
With hate and wrath and burning ire,
And do not heed the still, small voice
That bids a people's heart rejoice.

"The Indian's vengeance does not sleep;
It towers above yon rocky steep,
It cleaves the bosom of your bay,
And shoots athwart the sun's bright ray.
It is a vengeance deep and long!
Heed it ye weak; tremble, ye strong!
For, like the arrow swiftly sped,
Its aim is poised to heart and head.

"Your wigwams raise, your watch-fires build,
Your flocks are here, your lands are tilled,
Your big canoes are swift and strong,
But freighted deep with greed and wrong.
An altar build, and incense burn
To heaven, from out a living urn,
Till higher truth shall lead you forth
To battle 'gainst the wrongs of earth.
The Indian's spirit comes to save.
For red man's heart is "strong and brave."

IMPROMPTU.

To a Friend, who asked for a Poem, San Francisco, 1866.

GAIN you ask a poem, my friend,
You seem to think
We've naught to do but take our pen
And dip it in the ink.
You do not know, the poet's heaven
Is far and hard to gain,
And that the journey thither
Is fraught with grief and pain.

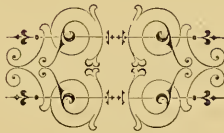
That blinding waves of discord,
Are surging round our way,
While dark'ning gorge and battlement
Shut out the sun's bright ray.
That oft on slippery pathway,
And narrow shelving rock,
We pause, to see the lightning play
And list the thunder shock.

Yet, do not deem our progress
Is ever dark and wild,
For flowers are springing in our path
To lure us, as a child.
And radiant landscape, clear and bright—
With gently murmuring rill
Are winding through green meadows
Beyond the sloping hill.

And so, dear friend, we promise
In days that are before
To write for you a poem, when

Our early dreams are o'er.
 And the eager, rambling ideals
 That marked our reckless youth,
 Will yield to smother measure,
 And sing of grander truth.

Till then, adieu! and know, O, friend,
 That *all* cannot be Poets,
 Whose thoughts in metre blend.



INSCRIBED TO MY DEAR SISTER.

MRS. L. A. SNOWE, of Rockland, Maine, December 12th, 1868.

I AM alone amid the waves of life's ocean; and fancies intrude themselves upon one's solitude, not always pleasant nor profitable. I am thinking of the novelty of my position to-day, and trying to solve the role of fate.

You, my sister, are surrounded by your little ones. O, cherish and protect them now, for there may come to you, too, perchance, a day when your household gods may be sundered and apart, and you powerless to avert. So to-night I sit by a lonely hearth, and my thoughts wander over continents and oceans, by quiet firesides, as well as other places not so quiet nor so pleasant to contemplate.

I see you all, mother, father, brothers, sisters, friends, and last, not least, children—all are thronging before my vision, commanding attention I cannot withhold. How I would like to see you and talk over all things pertaining to the great movement that has been the day-star of our lives—yours and mine, my sister—for the heritage of a broader freedom was born to us, and nurtured among our native hills, rugged and homely as their outlines presented to our young lives, type of that wilderness that shall yet “bud and blossom as the rose.”

Let us be thankful for the inspiration that came to us there, we, the prescribed and fettered half of a great humanity, whose destiny the plummet of the far future must sound in all its depth, for great possibilities are not attained in years, nor even centuries. Take courage, then, O, strong and noble heart! in your comparatively narrow sphere you are doing more than you have the least conception of. I can feel the inspiration of your soul to-night rebuking me for my inertness, when so much is demanded of woman—women who know their rights, and knowing, dare maintain.

Do not fear for me; full soon I shall be pushed forth upon the arena of an active destiny, whose tide will bear me on, perhaps relentlessly, to other deep and painful experiences. Then let me rest awhile by the wayside to gather strength for the contest, for already

the forces are marshalling themselves, and the clangor of the trumpet is sounding from anear and far.

Not long will the noon-tide hour last; to me it has brought a season of rest and refreshment, and has poised my heart and mind for that which is just before; so near that its advancing wave is already laving my feet, and I feel the quick tide of a diviner inspiration which is shortly to deluge the land, bringing both pain and pleasure, for the twin sisters walk forth hand in hand, blending the elements of their being for the regeneration of earth's children.

We must accept the one if we would enjoy the other; 'tis the legacy of our humanity, and constantly commands us up higher. Let us advance then most fearlessly; for beyond the briers and brambles of our earth path lie the clear waters of spirituality, blending with the evergreen glades of our better humanity.

So, my sister, I would have you feel the importance, and true import, of a nature such as thine. No common destiny is in reserve for thee; a little while, and the place that knows thee now will know thee there no more. Other and far different scenes will invite you, and you, too, will feel the world's inspiration calling you forth.

Lay, then, to-day the foundation, broad, compact, and permanent, and you will have to take no backward step.




BIRTH OF ASTREA.

NOVEMBER 7, 1881.

From the Spirit of MRS. F. G. McDOUGAL, through MRS. R. H. WILSON.

“For the godlike of the human,
Is incarnate now in woman.”

—MRS. McDOUGAL.

 HIS night to us is born a child,
On whom the sages must have smiled,
So full is she of mystic lore,
Which clearer is than aught before.

Astrea, my child, I see thee now
With martyr's wreath upon thy brow,
In garments robed of purest white,
A mission hast, my heart's delight!

Thy duty then, my child, fulfill,
That sage's smile may cheer thee still—
Wake energies of woman's mind,
Give added force, her place to find.

Unseal the eyes of brother man,
That he may learn that nature's plan
Is woman *free*, through unseen power
That surges nearer, hour by hour.

It reaches all; the tide rolls in;
With inspired word, the voyage begin,
Progression's flag shall ne'er be furled,
Till Truth supreme illumines the world.

Then go, fair Astrea, on thy way,
Though fierce the strife and dark the day,
From battle's din, turn not to me,
Till on thy brow shall mirrored be
Triumph of Cause consigned to Thee.



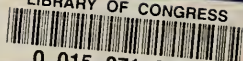
“Rest artist, thy work is done.”



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